

The Annual August Sale at M. Kanner & Co's.

Is now going on and lots of goods are selling at the unusually LOW PRICES
Advertised. Remember this GREAT ANNUAL AUGUST SALE closes Sept.
15th. Come early and often during the rest of this Great Sale. Remember,
At the Popular Bargain Store of M. KANNER & COMPANY, Arcadia, Florida

The Champion's Nocatee Department

This Department is Edited by The Champion's Nocatee Correspondent, to whom all Articles, Advertising and Notes for Publication herein should be addressed. It is intended to reflect the busy life of this busy Community

Rain, Rain, plenty of rain.

The friends of Mrs. Fuller are pleased to see her up again after a short illness.

Messrs W. E. Robertson and Kirby Carlton, two of Arcadia's popular liverymen, were in Nocatee Wednesday.

Mrs. J. W. Johnson and children have returned from their summer vacation much to the delight of Mr. Johnson.

A large party of Nocateesites contemplate spending the day at the beach and all the

The weather among our ladies is canning and preserving guavas. The crop in this neighborhood is not very large and the grower finds ready sale for all they have to spare.

Mr. Louis Yelvington left Saturday evening to return to his home at Jensen where he is employed by the Florida East Coast Ry. Co. His brother Elsie accompanied him as far as Lakeland returning Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carlton returned Tuesday night from a pleasant vacation of three weeks spent at Green Springs. They report a very fine trip and Green Springs a model place to rest and recuperate. Mr. Carlton, who is already stout added eight pounds to his avordupois.

The freshet we have had lately temporarily blocked the public road from Nocatee to Arcadia by washing away some of the approaches to the Joshua Creek bridges. This has increased the railroad traffic between the two points. People will go to the capital in spite of "high water."

Mr. C. M. Johnson and Mr. Mitimus, of Arcadia came to town Monday and while looking around taking in the sights Joshua Creek rose so high they could not return to Arcadia by private conveyance and found it necessary to lodge their horse in the livery stable and return to Arcadia by rail.

Mrs. H. T. Davis left Wednesday for a short visit with relatives and friends in Charleston S. C. and from that place will go to the mountains of North Carolina where she will enjoy the bracing atmosphere characteristic with those regions until the latter part of the fall when cool weather drives the tourist back to the "Sunny South."

A lot of wood is being shipped from Nocatee for use of the Coast Line people.

Mr. E. W. Murrell of Arcadia was circulating among his Nocatee friends Tuesday.

Mr. Eugene Ivey came down from Arcadia Wednesday to see his sister, Miss Sallie.

Miss Julia Carney has returned from an extended visit with relatives and friends in Tampa.

Mr. W. C. Compton of your

from Connecticut bears the intelligence that Major Welles and family will return to Nocatee about the fifteenth instant.

Mr. H. T. Davis, General Manager for the King Lumber and Mfg. Co., is spending the week at various points in the Manatee section selling crates for his company.

Mrs. Haddox and family Saturday to go to Lockhart, at which place they will make their future home. They have lived here a number of years and have been employed in the Crate Factory.

Miss Sadie Daughtrey a charming young lady of Arcadia was visiting in Nocatee a part of this week. Miss Sadie has many friends here who would be pleased to have her return to Nocatee to reside.

Nocatee Church Notes

We have regular preaching services at the Baptist Church on first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. S. C. Sloan is the Pastor who is loved and appreciated by everyone who appreciates good sermons by a good man. His people extended him their third call on August 16 which was entirely unanimous.

We have regular preaching services at the M. E. Church every second Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. Eades is the Shepherd of the M. E. flock, who is certainly a very devout man that can and that does preach the gospel in its fullness and in its plainness to large and appreciative congregations.

The Prayer meeting and B. Y. P. N. folks of the Baptist church have decided to merge their meetings into one during the rainy season. They meet at the Baptist church every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

The W. M. S. meets Monday after first and third Sundays at the Baptist church.

There is prayer meeting at M. E. church every Wednesday evening at 7:30 and the Epworth League Tuesday evening at 7:30.

W. M. R. meets Monday 3 p. m. after each second Sunday.

These various services are always well conducted and usually well attended.

Thoughts About our Boys

The most sacred duty involving human race today is one of the most neglected of all other duties we owe to the nation, we refer to the proper rearing and training of our youth.

This is by no means the worst of our ills, still we do not seem to care for it. Our boys are growing up without being able to speak plainly, swearing the most vile oaths.

There are several reasons why the proper care of the youth is neglected. Some are too much wrapped up in business and greed for worldly goods that they do not

correct. After mending or cleaning examine your watch's screw heads and frames. If they are scratched the workman has been careless. He is a man to be avoided. Patronize him no more.

Probably the old adage "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," is true, but surely the better the people are the better the world will be.

The Pole Cat's Change O' Heart.

From time immemorial the pole cat has been an outcast among animals. The world has respected him; it has never loved him. There are certain of his qualities and attributes which forbid a close acquaintanceship. But now, thanks to a remarkable scientific discovery, all this is to be changed.

The pole cat is to have not only his present place among the living beautiful creatures of the out-of-doors, but will bear a message of fragrance to the world as well. It is from a Mississippi country weekly that we glean the glad tidings. A gentleman farmer of that state, who is the proprietor of a chicken farm, has also a pole cat farm near by it. Not long ago his chickens fell sick. He mixed coal oil in their feed, and was surprised to find that the next batch of eggs which his faithful hens produced smelled strongly of petroleum.

A bright idea dawned upon him. His face flushed with the joy of anticipated discovery. His heart throbbed wildly—even as Newton's must have beat when he noted with delight that the apple did not fall up instead of down. If the odor of oil was strong in the output of

the hens, why then—! Enough! He had long hated the odor of his pole cat farm. Now he mixes lavender, bergamont and orange flowers with the food which he gives the pretty little animals. The results are all that the most fastidious nature could wish; a delicate and delightful odor hangs about the pole cat farm now—a scent that vies with the violet and puts the musk rose and the magnolia to shame. Thus is an animal of lovely appearance, but of terrible reputation, transformed into a creature fit to be the theme and inspiration of a whole school of lyric poets.—Don Marquis, in Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine for September.

The New Watch.

The young man drew forth a fine gold watch.

"What is the moving instead of at night."

"At least once a year have it oiled. Remember that its balance swings 18,000 times a year, all on one little drop of oil. A wheelbarrow wouldn't stand such treatment. It would shriek for lubrication, but the small voice of the watch cannot be heard."

"After mending or cleaning examine your watch's screw heads and frames. If they are scratched the workman has been careless. He is a man to be avoided. Patronize him no more."

"Don't grumble if your mainspring breaks. This accident is due to some unknown condition of the weather. There are mainspring epidemics, like influenza ones. Just now such an epidemic is afoot. I have taken out sixty fractured mainsprings this week."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Got It.

He had the air of a man who was particularly well satisfied with himself. "I tell you," he said, "there's nothing like having sickness in the family to convince a man that he can do a good many things that he never would have dared to attempt before. Now, today I am going to buy a gown for my little girl. Her mother can't get out, you know, and so I am going to do it myself."

On the day following he had the air of a man who was particularly dissatisfied with himself. "What's the matter?" he was asked. "Couldn't you get that gown?" "Couldn't I get it?" he repeated. "Couldn't I get it? Hang it all, the trouble is that I did get it!" "Something wrong with it?" "Something! If it was only 'something' I wouldn't mind. My taste is wrong, my judgment is wrong, the color is wrong, the size is wrong and the price is wrong."—Chicago Post.

Seeing Ourselves.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him with an unnatural expression sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude."

"The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance as to how he really

looks, or perhaps it can be attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear the photograph most nearly like is one that makes him look thin, a man the one that makes him look stout. The solemn man selects the fliest picture, the jovial man the cadaverous.

On Again, Off Again.

A young New York artist who almost as noted for his convivial

encies as he is for his genius was recently asked by a friend:

"What does your wife think of spells? I should think she would submit to them."

"When I have a spree," confessed the intemperate one frankly, "just as good to me as any one could be. She takes care of me, nurses me back to decency with kindness that is superhuman—it is gelic and beyond belief."

"But once I am sober again she gins to nag me to promise her, swear to her that I never, never, again will drink a drop, and she at me so determinedly and so persistently that—by Jove—she makes me desperate that I have to go and again so I can forget it."

A Hard Job.

"Didn't you say six months ago if Miss Tiplins wouldn't marry you you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea? Now, Miss Tiplins married some one else six months ago and yet you haven't."

"Oh, it's easy to talk, but let me tell you it is not such an easy matter and the deepest part of the sea."

Substitutes.

Doctor—Have you given him champagne and oysters, as I ordered Patient's Wife—Well, no, sir, I couldn't afford that, so I got him some beer and whelks instead. Do it better, sir?—London Telegraph

Cured the Dryness.

Mother—How did papa's new get in this condition? Bobby—Well, mamma, I heard papa say last that the book was too dry for him, so I put it in the bathtub and let the water run.

Slow, but Not Sure.

"Your daughter is not engaged young Johnson yet, then? I suppose it is a case of slow and sure?"

"Well, yes—he is slow, and she is at all sure!"

I have often wondered how a man loves himself more than all the rest of man.—Antonius.